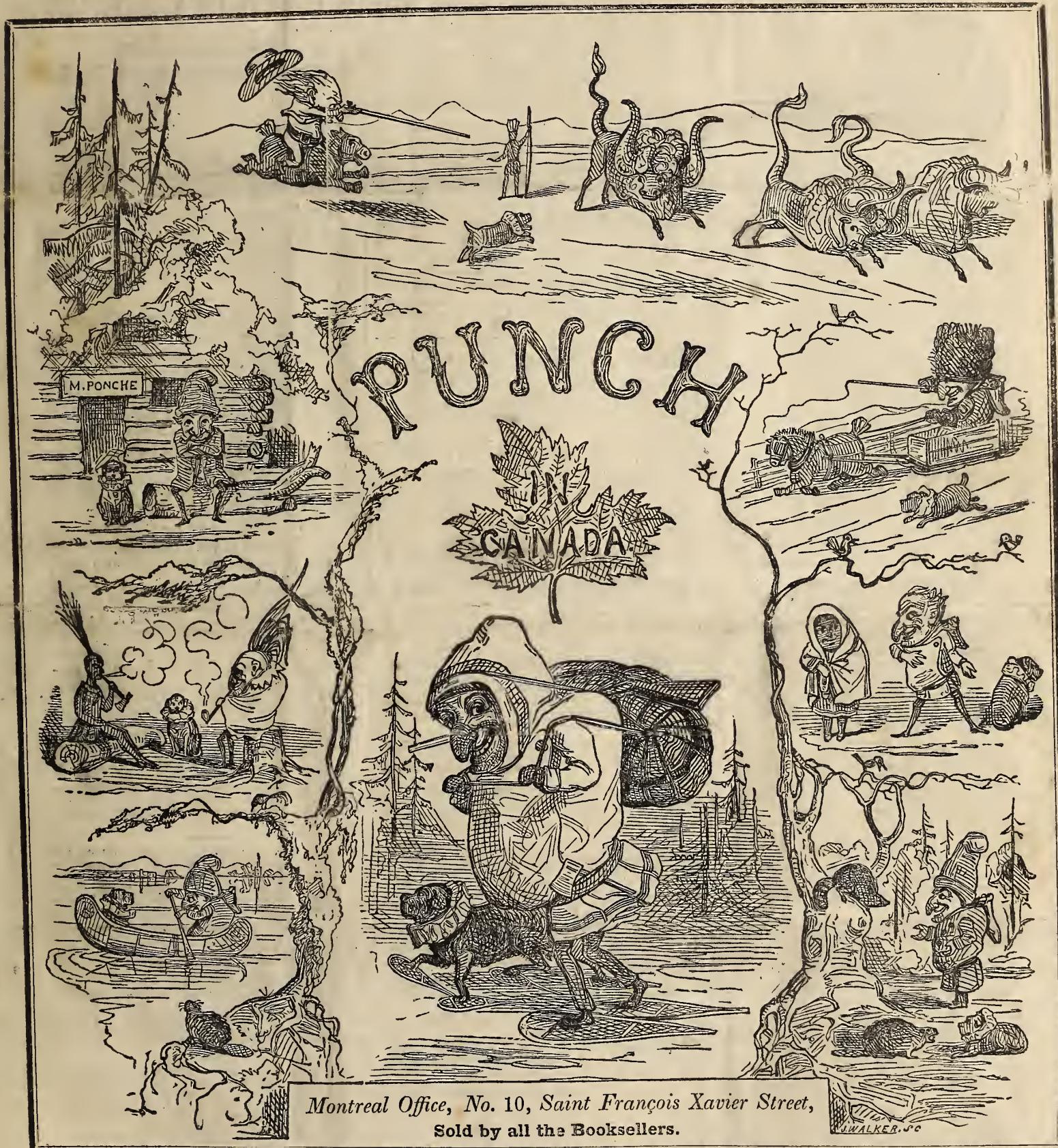


Vol. 1.—No. 7.]

April the 14th, 1849 !

[PRICE, 4d.



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J. WALKER. SC

PUNCH (IN CANADA) WILL HEREAFTER APPEAR EVERY FORTNIGHT.

**TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!**

Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Company.



THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing cures performed by it in both these countries, has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes.

The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success, — such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring-worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable — will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper.

**VOICE OF THE PRESS.**

The original Recipe of the "Turkish Black Salve," was brought from Smyrna, in Asia Minor, by an English Lady, and hence its name. By this Lady the recipe was given to a celebrated London Chemist, in the Strand, who alone for a length of time manufactured it in England, and it had a most extensive sale for its merits were duly appreciated, although they were never puffed by advertisements of any kind. After the death of this Lady, the recipe was given by some of her relations to the present Proprietors, who have constantly made it for their own use and that of their friends, and have also given away quantities of it to poor persons. The Proprietors have lately introduced it into Montreal; its use and the benefits resulting from it are well known in several of the most respectable families in this city. — *Montreal Morning Courier.*

**CERTIFICATE.** — INTERNAL PAINS. — Gentlemen, — I beg to add my testimony to the efficacy of your Turkish Black Salve: and you are at liberty to make this letter known in whatever form you may deem proper: for I think it right that the virtues of such an invaluable medicament should be made known as extensively as possible. I had for some time been afflicted with pains in my side and arms, which eventually became so painful as to destroy my rest, and to be almost insupportable. I tried many remedies, but to no purpose. At length bearing of your Salve, I procured some, and applied it as a plaster, according to the directions on the wrapper, and, after a few applications, the pains left me, and, although several months have since elapsed, I have had no return of them.

I am, Gentlemen, your obliged servant,

Montreal, Nov. 1848.

F. ANDREWS.

See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper. Sold in Montreal by J. S. LYMAN, Place d'Armes; SAVAGE & CO., Notre Dame Street; URQUHART & CO., Great Saint James Street, and LYMAN & CO., St. Paul Street, and in all the Principal Cities of Canada.

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The Proprietors of this Paper, beg to announce to the Public at large, that they have made arrangements for giving, as usual, the very fullest Reports of the Debates, which will embrace Translations of the French Speeches, reported exclusively for the HERALD — which will probably be the only Journal possessing this feature. Those who desire to possess accurate information as to the Parliamentary Proceedings, will, therefore, do well to subscribe during the next 2 months.

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**PROSPECTUS.**

**SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA**, will be published in Quebec, once a fortnight, until the 1st of May next, when it will be issued once a week.

Will contain 16 pages Royal Octavo, making two handsome volumes of 400 pages each.

As it is intended to be devoted exclusively to Literature, everything of a political nature will be excluded from its columns.

The original and selected articles, will at all times, have for their object the improvement and cultivation of the human mind, and from the literary talent that has been secured, it is confidently hoped, that ere long, it will become one of the first Literary Journals in British North America.

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Any person remitting \$7 can have 3 copies sent to their address. \$11 for 5 copies. \$20 for 10 copies.

As this Journal will have a large circulation in the country, parties wishing to advertise will find it to their advantage, as a limited space will be kept for that purpose.

P. SINCLAIR, QUEBEC.

**THEATRE ROYAL.**

Positively the last Performance by the OFFICERS OF THE GARRISON, on Monday, April 16, for the BENEFIT of MRS. CHARLES HILL, when will be performed the new drama of

**THE JACOBITES**

The now Comedietta of

**THE FANCY BALL,**

And the new Farce of

**MY WIFE'S OUT.**

Doors open at half-past SEVEN, and Performance to commence at eight o'clock.

**Punch in Canada**

CIRCULATION 3000!

Annual Subscription, 7s. 6d  
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**CLUBS!** Subscribers forming themselves into Clubs of five, and remitting six dollars, will receive all the back numbers, and five copies of each issue, until the first of January, 1850. A remittance of three dollars will entitle them to the Publication until the first of July.

**To Future Subscribers.**

In all cases the subscription must be paid in advance. The half dollar being awkward to enclose, a remittance of one dollar will entitle the subscriber to the Publication for eight months; four dollars will entitle the sender to five copies of each number for eight months; two dollars to five copies for four months.

**To Present Subscribers.**

In some few instances, Punch has been sent to orders unaccompanied by a remittance. This involves Book-keeping, expense of Collectorship, and ultimate loss. The Proprietor respectfully informs his present subscribers, who have not paid their subscriptions, that No. 8 will be the last number sent, on the unpaid list, not because he doubts their responsibility, but because he dislikes the nuisance of writing for money. He detests to be dunned, and will not lay himself under the necessity of dunning.

**To Booksellers.**

All Agents for Punch are respectfully requested to send in their account of sales, and remit the amount due, however small. Let them remember that wise saw, of which the account of "Punch" present a modern instance, "Mony a mickle mak a muckle."

**To Advertisers.**

Punch in Canada circulates from Sandwich to Gaspé. — The travelling season is about to commence. Not an Hotel in the Canadas, but Punch will be on the table. Not a steamboat on the rivers or the lakes, but he will perambulate amongst the passengers. Reflect on . . . . . Advertisers, who seek for support and sustenance from the idlers who migrate, and honor Punch and yourselves by inserting your names in his pages.

**Mrs. Chas. Hill**, begs to announce to her Pupils and Friends that her **Vacation Ball** will take place on WEDNESDAY, the 25th April. Tickets may be had at her Academy, Nos. 18 and 20 Saint Jean Baptiste Street.

**OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.**

**PUNCH IN CANADA.** — We congratulate our Inchrymose friends on the appearance of this antidote to melancholy. The first number is right good. We wish him full success. — *Patriot, Toronto.*

**PUNCH IN CANADA.** — This sairical and funny old dog has arrived in Canada and taken up his abode, permanently, we hope, in the good city of Montreal. We have received the first number of the publication, it is decidedly superior to any thing of the kind that has ever been published in Canada. The illustrations are very good, and the periodical is certainly well got up. — *British American.*

The contents are sharp, sarcastic, and pointed, on public men, even the libelled lawyer, Gubee, does not escape, nad the Editor seems determined to —

"Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,

And catch the mumpers living as they rise."

The work is interspersed with wood cuts, after the style of its great progenitor. The designs are admirable, and well executed. We wish the proprietor and publisher success in his novel undertaking. — *Hamilton Spectator.*

**PUNCH IN CANADA.** — We have to acknowledge the receipt of the first number of this newly fledged periodical, which displays a respectable amount of artistic and literary ability. The illustrations are designed with spirit, and correctly engraved by Walker, and, together with the letter press, have a marked Canadian character. — *Toronto Globe.*

**PUNCH IN CANADA.** — The illustrations are very good. The wit will probably be found too pungent by some people. The best plan for them is to laugh at themselves. Punch, while battling stoutly against bumble, says he will belong to no party. — *Quebec Gazette.*

## THE MODERN MRS. CHAPONE. NO. II.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS TO OUR JUDY'S BELOVED CLARISSA.

MY DEAREST NEICE,

**L**ENT being over and the Bachelors' ball being announced for next Tuesday, I cannot do better than give you a few rules to guide your conduct in the Ball Room. For, as it is the sphere where your greatest triumphs will be gained, it ought to call forth the first thought of your life. No where is greater science displayed—no where more adroitness—no where more manœuvring. In short, a Ball may be compared to a game of chess, in which you adopt a system of tactics to obtain a *cheque-mate*.

There are certain general truths which rule here as elsewhere; the principal one is, that the more airs you give yourself, the more people will think of you. I would therefore recommend, a dignified *hauteur* to prove to the world, that your uncle the plasterer—good man, as undoubtedly he was—must not be taken as a criterion of the family respectability. I am in some doubt, as to the dress you ought to wear, short frocks and *pantalettes* have lately proved very attractive, and by some are considered, identical with innocence. At first, I was inclined to recommend the adoption of this costume, only I think that the ground is pre-occupied. This matter I leave to the discretion of your excellent mamma, but I must impress on you, that whatever you wear, let the *crinoline* be redundant. You will then appear fashionable, modest, and attractive. In the dressing room, always snub the tire-woman, the exploded idea of civility to servants can never be sufficiently discountenanced, especially by a young lady of your pretensions.

A ball is nothing unless your partners are somebodies, and I must point out to you that the fustian, about right feeling in which a few weak people indulge, is to be totally rejected. It is ridiculous to think that we are all dependant on each other for little interchanges of civility. Therefore dance only with those who gratify your vanity, and if your hand is asked by any equivocal personage, at once reply that you are engaged, whether so, or not. And do this in a firm dignified and decided manner to prevent a repetition of the impertinence. No matter about the young man—the son of an old friend of your father. That is nothing to you, he is not an old friend of yours. When dancing, (of course with a proper man) never cease laughing; it shews a happy joyous nature—but never forget to blend with it, the stateliness I have before pointed out. This applies to the quadrille; and while, on this subject, I must tell you the etiquette to be observed in *la grande ronde*. See who dances next to you, and regulate your deportment accordingly, giving him your hand, or one finger,—a gaze, or the disregard of contempt, as he may deserve. In the waltz and polka never object to your partner putting his arm entirely round your waist. There are some weak people who while they think waltzing innocent enough, condemn the mode of completely clasping the waist. This is all nonsense. Let your partner do as he likes. Try to rival him in the energy he may display, and at the conclusion, to show the zest, with which you have entered into the amusement, use your fan with an earnest energy, and give audible relief to the panting of your excited heart. Never forget a bouquet, for it makes strangers think that you have admirers to send one to you, and there are many brilliant, generous minded men who never admire a girl, until it is the fashion to do so. If pressed to give away a flower always comply, if the petitioner is of sufficient standing. Above all things be careful not only whom you recognize, but how you recognize them. To some bow with a sweet winning smile, to others with a calm grave countenance, while some people—family bores—mere friends of your childhood, pass them by.

Never cease to remember that your object is to obtain a husband—the richer the better. As to men of intellect and education, I have always found such people prosy, dull, and fond of solitude. But if you should happen to meet a personage of this sort with money, you ought not to refuse him, for a well furnished house is a great set forth against the fact that he cannot dance the polka. Play your game accordingly, and lean affectionately on the arm of every man, who can really give support. If he walk quick, keep up with him in an engaging amble. Men think it effective. At supper always declare that you have no appetite, and whatever your partner helps you to, tell him he has given you too much, and always leave some of it on the corner of your plate.

I have no room to say anything of your flirtations, but they cannot be too deep, and in a pause, you can find topics of conversation, in remarking upon the company present. As I have before said your friends will always furnish you with amusement.

The evening's reminiscences will relieve the insipidity of the following

day. But do not forget to walk up and down Notre Dame Street, the whole afternoon of Wednesday, you will thus get rid of the head ache caused by the late hours of Tuesday, and meet some of the agreeable companions whom you have edified at the ball by your wit and modesty.

Adieu, my dear.

JUDY.

## "A FEW WORDS IN SEASON."

The state of our streets—the wet and damp weather, peculiar to the "smiling Spring" of this climate, has generally such a disadvantageous effect upon the nightingales of private life, and the melodious denizens of drawing rooms, that we are induced to publish a song for people suffering from "Cold in the head."

Soreness will invade the throat, and noses run in every family,—we have lately seen noses chiselled as it were, from an alabaster block, grow in one short day as scarlet as our own; as though they blushed for the continual trouble they were giving to their proprietors, whilst the peculiar intonation produced by the conversion of the nasals into liquids, and then of the liquids ultimately into mutes, leads to the inference that there must be a stoppage about the bridge, which should be placarded "No thoroughfare." To do away with the excuse too frequently used as a cover for vocal inability, we give the following as a specimen of several songs we are preparing for the use of the Catarrh, believing that by anticipating the cold by converting every *m* into *b*, and every *n* into *l*, we will do away with the necessity for Pectoral Lozenges and Paregoric:—

By Bary All's is like the Sul,  
Wheal at the dawl it fligz  
Its goldeel sblies of light upol  
Earth's greel a'd lolely thi/gs.  
Il vail I sue, I oly wil  
Frob her a scor/ful frowl,  
But sool as I by prayers begil,  
She cries, O lo! begole;  
Yes! yes! the burthcl of her solg,  
Is lo! lo! lo! begole!

## COLD-CATCHING MADE EASY.

Father Chiniquy has arrived, and for the present, has taken up his residence at Monklands. Punch met the sober and reverend gentleman there on the occasion of "the-temperance-and-a-very-little-music" festival, held on Tuesday, the 30th ultimo, a date which in the memory of many will be held dear, from its expensive consequences—cab-hire and doctors bills—medical skill having been required to relieve the mortification arising from the cold-water drank on the occasion. Punch was pleased to see the cold-water apostle looking so well, and had the honor of taking cold-tea with him. Punch tried to be facetious but could not, and next morning was seized with a severe fit of shivering. He thinks he must have caught cold from sitting near the cold-water jugs, so plentifully introduced on the occasion!

## PUNCH'S CLASSICAL ODES.

Integer vita, scelerisque purus,  
Non eget mauri jaculis neque arcu  
Nec veneratis gravida sagittis.  
Fusce, Pharetrâ.

(This is)

Part of an Ode by a very old Poet,  
Mister Quintus Horatius Flaccus by name,  
He wrote it in Rome, and sent it by mail to  
Fuscus, his crony.

Which being interpreted, something like this runs,—  
"Stick to your principles; go to bed sober;  
Keep your hands out of other people's pockets;  
Buy PUNCH and read him."

And you'll not want Brother Jonathan's Bowie,  
Erolicsome Paddy's illigant Shillelah,  
Or Johnnie Baptiste's venerable duck-gun  
Loaded with marbles.

## SOMETHING UNIQUE.

*Flasks and Sandwich Boxes.*—Punch having been urged by several most respectable inhabitants of Montreal, has entered into a contract for a supply of the above more-than-ever-necessary Pocket-companions for persons who are urged by a sense of duty rather than of inclination to spend their evenings with people

"Who entertain them with nothing  
Nor give them to drink."

## EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL

Of M. Narcisse Rossignol dit *Le Vert*,—a Crusader “Contre le Luxe,”—Translated and illustrated for *Punch*.

**H**WILL keep a Journal, I will write with a purpose; and with a pen from the pinion of that domestic aquatic fowl to which literature is so deeply indebted, will I chronicle all the thoughts that suggest themselves or are suggested by the actions of my every-day existence. My luxuries are now but few. Sacrificed to the newly acquired prejudices of my Eulalie, they have one by one been wrenched from me with ruthless hand; but I still possess at least the liberty of thinking, and the power of registering my thoughts. Can the poet be deprived of his lyre? No. They may indeed break the strings; but he will then perform melodies on the back of it as on a kettle-drum; and his reveille will go to the corners of hearts, calling out responsive echoes from the remotest alleys of feeling, and bursting the sympathetic strings behind the waistcoats of the right-minded. I will keep a Journal.

1st April. Buckled on my armour, as a Crusader *contre le Luxe*, and breathing the name of my Eulalie rushed upon the foe, selecting the feeblest, those of easiest conquest, for my first essay. Struggled with soap, my casual luxury for years. Conquered it single-handed, and flushed with success followed up the victory by wrestling with my razors, handling them with such effect, that my occasional toothbrush of fifteen years standing shed its bristles with terror, and lay shivering beside the soap-dish, a miracle of baldness. Ah! let me not forget in my exultation, the foes that still in ambush surround me. Tobacco is not soap, nor are the bitters with which I have hitherto uplifted my matutinal spirits, to be counted amongst the weak. But there are other bitters in store for me. Thy tyranny, O Eulalie!

Dressed myself with more than my usual care, that is, made myself as nasty as possible at a short notice, and having fought with my *eau de Cologne*, which I settled with a bootjack after a spirited conflict, I waxed my mustachios, and walked forth to visit Eulalie. Found her in tears. Her canary, the bird I gave her, was dead. Poor Bijou! they had substituted a diet of small shot for his natural sustenance, and he died a feathered crusader against the luxury of linseed. Now my troubles are coming thick upon me. It had been my daily custom to present Eulalie with a bouquet of flowers, culled from choicest in the conservatory of Guilbeault. And did I go unrewarded for my delicate attention? I should rather think not; for from the lips of Eulalie I exacted the guerdon of my generosity, the cherished salute. But that boon is no longer conceded. Cut off is the kiss of my dreams. Ah, I was happy then! happy as the humming-bird that vibrates around the gorgeous dahlia, snatching honied bliss from its pouting petals. I was a humming-bird, I could almost hear myself hum: but now the inverted house-fly that recklessly perambulates the ceiling, is not more completely upset than I am. Suggested to Eulalie that she should give up the luxury of flowers. Brought vividly before her the sinfulness of geraniums and the immorality of mignonette, advocating with my usual eloquence the propriety of substituting noxious plants, such as nettles, for those unprofitable vanities. Did not quite succeed in bringing her round to my way of thinking; but to-morrow I will try her with a bouquet.



2. April. My friend Guilbeault has kindly undertaken the cultivation of such unpleasant plants as must speedily become feature in the fashionable circles of the *Croisade*. Walked down to his conservatory, and selected a thistle of such unparalleled ferocity that it almost made my nose bleed to look at it. With this, and some choice nettles of the most stinging character, I composed quite a love of a bouquet, which I transmitted to Eulalie, with the following production of my muse.

With those flowers for your brow,  
Eulalie!  
Wreath a chaplet—you know how,  
Eulalie!

For altho' they may not shine in the vegetable line,  
Yet there's something in them too should have interest for you,  
And the nettle which you settle  
In your hair so rare  
Will remind you in its verdure of me,  
Eulalie!

But its fragrance as you sip,  
Eulalie!  
Should it hurt your pretty lip,  
Eulalie!  
And at first you may not like the thistle with its spike,  
Yet at last I'm pretty certain that you'll pin it to your curtain,  
And the thistle with its bristle  
Will seem, as you dream,  
To recall my mustachios and me,  
Eulalie!

How everything seems to be expanding beneath the genial influence of spring, and unfolding itself into the glad sun-light! Thought I felt my very shirt-collars growing as I walked in the warm breeze. Recollected however that I have no shirt-collars, having cut them down in their pride and routed them with ignominy. Still I certainly experienced a growing sensation, and on consideration I am inclined to think it must have been my ears.

Saw a grocer to-day in the Quebec Suburbs with mustachios, a green-grocer with red mustachios. Have we no protection? are *nos institutions* to be thus mocked with impunity? Not when I become a legislator,—*le bon temps viendra*.

I think I'll get a coat trimmed with the fur of the Porcupine. Have already suggested to the *Croisade*, the feasibility of having furniture covered with that elegant article, as a substitute for the old luxurious hair-cloth or damask. Tried it myself for cushions, &c. and found it as uncomfortable as the most enthusiastic crusader could desire. In a commercial point of view, this little animal (the porcupine) has hitherto been sadly neglected. A Canadian poet of great antiquity has termed it “the fretful porcupine (*le porc-épic qui toujours pleure*.) Why was the porcupine unhappy? Simply because while the sable furnished the boa which entwines the neck of beauty; while the diminutive ermine sported its skin upon the skirt of fashion; and while the martin might calculate with certainty on eventually becoming a muff, he, the unprivileged porcupine, pined neglected in his native woods,—a pig without a prospect. But henceforth he will take his proper station in society; and for him, as for the Canadian, *le bon temps viendra*.

How those Englishmen talk! Heard one say that he dined lately at the Governor's, and upon asking for some wine was privately informed by the butler, that owing to the port having been kept so long, the bees-wing got the better of and flew clean away with it, and that all the other wines turned sour with fright. What could he have meant, and what is the bees-wing? It must surely be some great conqueror of luxuries, and should be brought under the immediate notice of the *Croisade*.



Met Eusebe De Tonnancour dit Sans Ferblanc. He too, poor fellow! has his tyrants. They have cut off his tobacco, and under the influence of its substitute, opium, he appears to be gradually withdrawing from the world and retiring into his boots. Alas! alas! I wonder if I ever shall become like Eusébe De Tonnancour dit Sans Ferblanc!

3 o'clock. Ah! what is this? Where am I? What do I behold? On my return home I find my bouquet rejected, my verses returned with contempt, and a note from Eulalie, forbidding me her presence. I rush frantic from the house, and wander wildly I know not whither. After many hours my thoughts rally, and take the following fragmentary form:

The tresses hold that from her brow  
To billowy bosom dip,  
For me she fondly curled, but now,—  
She only curls her lip.  
  
No more for me her silk of green,  
Shot with a golden red,  
Blushes its mantling folds between,—  
World I were shot instead!

This short poem, and a brandy-smash, (*une fracture d'eau de vie*) medicinally imbibed by me at Madame Lafont's, somewhat soothed my perturbed spirits; and in calmer mood I returned to my *maison de pension* and my porcupine pillow.

## FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

Punch is authorised to state that His Excellency the Governor General, at the general request of his visitors, is about to change the name of his residence from Monk-lands to Dry-lands.

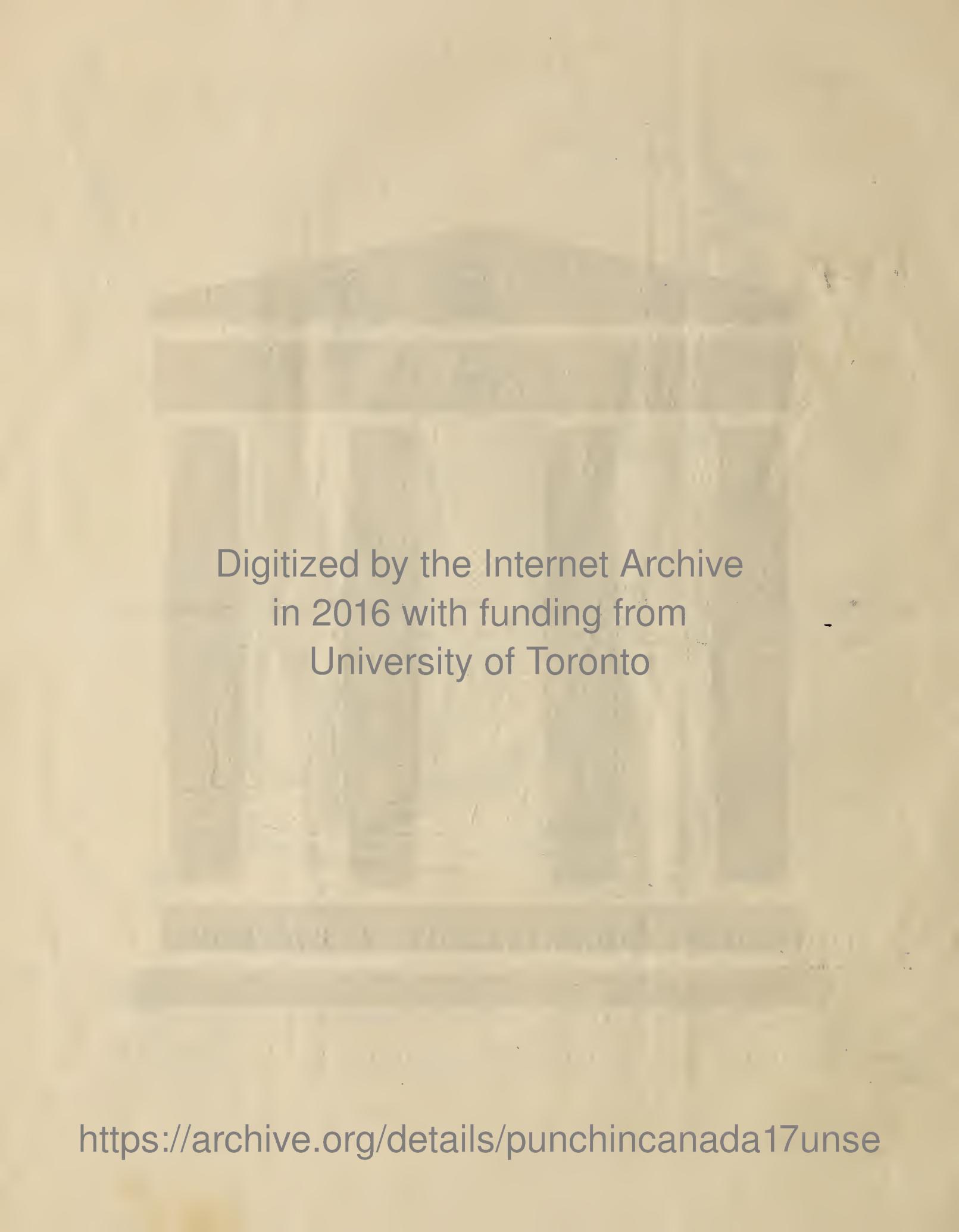


## TOWNSHIP'S COLONIZATION—A SETTLER.

---

*Young Literary Leader.* Here is one Settler, sare, for your Township, sare, on your farm, sare.

*Townshipper.* Oh, that's your Settler, eh? Why there's lots of them chaps here already—in the mashes!

A very faint, light-colored watermark or background image of a classical building with multiple columns and a triangular pediment is visible across the entire page.

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## THE PEPPERBURY FAMILY.

OF MR. PETER PEPPERBURY'S EXIT FROM THE WORLD OF COMMERCE  
AND ENTRANCE INTO PUBLIC LIFE AS AN ACTIVE MEMBER OF  
THE CORPORATION AND A GRAVE SENATOR.

## CHAPTER V.



HEN we left Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY to describe the remainder of his interesting and affectionate family, we were compelled to conclude our sketch of that individual's person and history with the melancholy announcement that he had again been "unfortunate" in business. We were also enabled to convey the information that his estate, after going through a process in a certain Court, and through the hands of divers individuals denominated "Assignees," gentlemen whose bills are as large and whose pouches are as capacious as those of the Pelican, though they do not disgorge their prey quite as easily as that hungry and affectionate sea fowl — that his estate, we say, had paid a first and final dividend of one shilling and four-pence half-penny in the pound. We are now enabled from sources of information peculiar to ourselves to disclose the fact, that Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY, by his last operation in bankruptcy, cleared for his own use and benefit just exactly twenty-two thousand, four hundred and seventy-two pounds, fourteen shillings and nine-pence, farthing; a sum, which in these days is not to be sneezed at. We are also enabled to communicate the information that on the day when Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY was set square with the world by the receipt of his "Certificate," a family council was holden in the back parlour of Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY's domicile, whereat it was determined that, considering the badness of the times, and Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY's many pecuniary delinquencies, and the probability that he might not come off so well, were he to try another bankruptcy, the wisest thing would be to let well alone, particularly as the family, all things considered, was very fairly off in the world, thanks to the law which enabled Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY to appropriate the money of other people to the payment of the sum which he settled on his wife before his marriage.

Consequently it was determined, in family council, that the business carried on in the "warehouse in the dirty-lane," should not be resumed, and that henceforth Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY should be a "gentleman at large."

So things passed on merrily with the family of the PEPPERBURYs. They lived pretty much as other animals; they eat, they drank, they slept; so do pigs, and dogs, and donkeys; and we really do not see in what the PEPPERBURYs had the advantage of the animals in question, unless it be an advantage to have the trouble of wearing breeches and petticoats. Intellectually and morally there was very little difference between the PEPPERBURYs and the animals.

It was dull work however with our friend PETER. He missed his daily avocations in the warehouse in the dirty-lane, and "Satan finding mischief still for idle hands to do," as the nursery rhyme had it, his evil genius put it into Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY's head that he was by nature intended to make a useful servant of the public. Mrs. PETER PEPPERBURY's ambition warmed into action Mr. Peter's imaginings, and an election for members of the Corporation coming on about that time, Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY caused himself to be put in nomination for the Ward of the city in which the "handsome stone house" was situated, and forthwith commenced an active canvass amongst the electors.—Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY came out on the liberal interest. He was an advocate of the principle of giving every body every thing, though there was nothing to give. He talked loudly of economy and retrenchment, and promised every man that the street in which he lived should have a board walk and be thoroughly repaired; and what tickled the fancies of the electors the most, he solemnly vowed that he would make the Tories shake in their shoes.

Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY's life for a month before the election must have been a very trying one to his constitution. He had several committees and sub-committees nightly sitting in sundry pot-houses at his expense; and the quantities of sour beer, vitriolized whisky and strong tobacco, drank and smoked at his cost and charges, and which he was compelled out of politeness, to drink and smoke also, were perfectly astonishing.

Well, the day of election came; Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY surrounded the poll with two or three hundred ruffians, armed with bludgeons, a custom peculiar to the liberals in that city, but which they dont at all like when retorted on themselves; the Returning Officer was a liberal of the first water, and after a great deal of fighting, hard swearing, treating and bribery, Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY was returned by a majority of three! The election cost £257 10; one man murdered out-right,—three lamed for life, and a score or two of others seriously injured, but Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY was a Town Councillor — he had effected an entry into public life and his ambition was gratified.

Did Mr. Peter Pepperbury redeem his pledges to the electors? We are afraid not; electioneering pledges are not often redeemed; indeed we could never understand why they are made, unless that it is the fashion to make them, a part of the election itself, prescribed by custom, as the other forms are prescribed by law. But we must give Mr. Peter Pepperbury time; he has not been long in the Council, and we have not seen his name conspicuously mentioned except on one occasion, when he brought forward a motion for the enactment of a by-law providing for the destruction of dogs, quite forgetting that he was himself the greatest cur in existence. One of his promises we know he has not performed, and we dont think he ever will,—he has not made the Tories shake in their shoes.

But Mr. Peter Pepperbury was destined by Providence to a height of elevation of which he never dreamt when he was a humble clerk in the house of TICKLEFISH & Co. and when he married the daughter of the drummer. Greatness was thrust upon him when he least expected it. Senatorial dignity was to be added to civic honors. A Radical Ministry was in power; a Ministry who carried on the Government of the Country pretty much as Mr. Peter Pepperbury carried on his business as a merchant; a ministry who paid the public creditor pretty much as Mr. Peter Pepperbury paid his private ones, that is with paper; their *Shin Plasters* were about as valuable as Mr. Peter Pepperbury's notes, and they, like him, would speedily find their way into the Bankrupt Court, only that a Court in which a Nation can be made a Bankrupt and receive a Certificate is not yet amongst the institutions of society.

This ministry was about to bring in certain measures and it was doubtful whether in a certain House a majority could be found sufficiently pliant and accommodating, so the ministry cast about for gentlemen to their mind, and one of them suddenly bethought himself of Mr. Peter Pepperbury. That gentleman was seen and consulted, and he in his turn saw and consulted Mrs. Peter Pepperbury; there was another family council in the back parlor, and it was determined that the offer of the Minister should be accepted. During that week the public prints announced that His Excellency the Governor had been pleased to call to the Legislative Council, Peter Pepperbury, Esquire, and some dozen other accommodating gentlemen, and they were duly gazetted.

The last time we saw the Honorable Peter Pepperbury, he was standing up in his place in a certain house, dressed in a blue coat with shiny buttons, a buff waistcoat and black trowsers, making a furious speech in favor of paying the "Rebellion Losses," and there we leave him.

## PROFITABLE INVESTMENT!

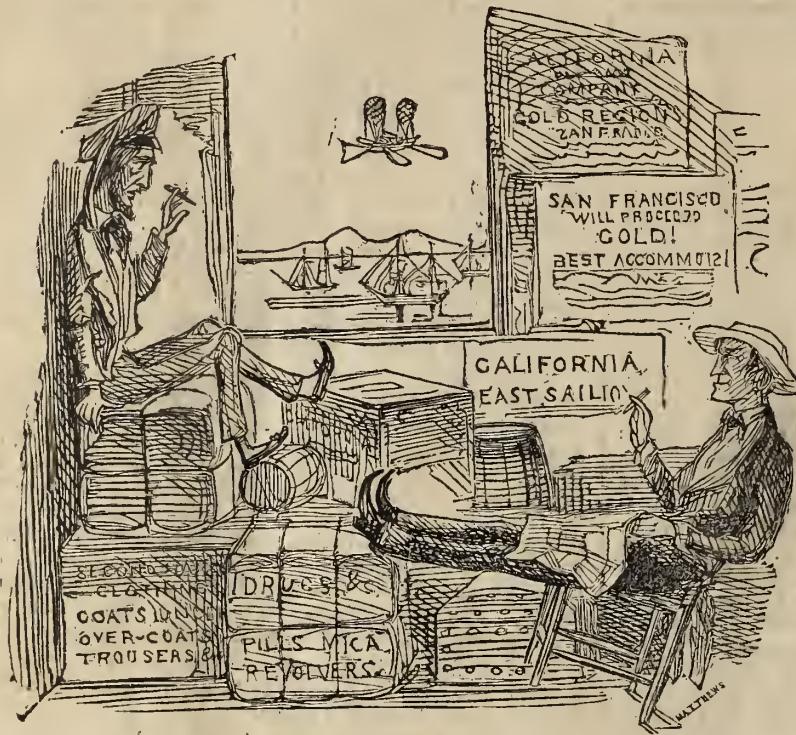
To Let, a House near Monklands, which may, at a small expense, be fitted up as a respectable

## House of Entertainment,

Where chops, steaks, and exhilarating drinks, are sure to command an extensive sale.

For further particulars apply to JAMES BRUCE, on the premises.

## CANADA versus CALIFORNIA.



Hiram. 'Say Zeb! I'm off right slick away for California. My wings is grew, and my nails is mad for diggin!'

Zeb. California be bust!—Canada's the washin for me; I guess I'll squat there, where Government pays for Rebellion and no questions axed!'

## PUNCH IN CANADA'S LETTERS.—No. IV.

TO ROBERT CHRISTIE, ESQUIRE, M. P. P.

"Mr. LaFontaine proposed a resolution to the effect that 15s. per day be allowed to members for the present and future sessions."

"Mr. CHRISTIE moved in amendment that 20s. should be the amount."  
Extract from Journal of the House.

MY DEAR CHRISTIE,

You are a reformer, an economist and a humbug. You preach retrenchment and you practise profusion. You twaddle incessantly about the expenses of Government, and whenever you can you dip your hand into the public purse. You profess to look back with lingering fondness, to the time when men were patriotic enough to serve their country for nothing; but you prefer 20s. to a York six pence a day, and are most zealous in taxing the country.

Yet for all this, my dear Christie, Punch delights in you, you are such a gorgeous Pharisee, such a delicious humbug: and Pharisees and Humbugs are the mental food of the Hunch-backed Philosopher. Of all who wear buff waistcoats you are the best of bufflers. Your annual bills, like Doctor's bills, are "bills of mortality." Canada is bound up with your history: The nation owes much to Gaspe, Gaspe might have sent us a cargo of Codfish but she sent you: the nation cannot repay Gaspe except by sending you back again.

The question, now is, my dear Christie what will you do with your money. I know you are not selfish, you do not want it for yourself. You will lend it to Col. Gugy, who will make it a present to a hospital, or add it to the munificent gift of his Excellency to save Gaspe from starving! or will you keep it to erect a monument when dead? You will my dear Christie, you will, I know you will, and I now offer you

## AN EPITAPH.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

ROBERT CHRISTIE,

Many years Member for Gaspe.

## CHANSON GAIE ET VIVE.

Chanté par Mons. Amiot on his appointment as one of the Kingston Penitentiary Commissioners:

Qui, oui, je suis, je suis  
Un des Commissaires,  
Il y a Mons. B. and me,  
And l'autre Monsieur B.,  
And Monsieur F.  
Nous sommes—Je suis  
Des quatres grands Commissaires.

Oui, oui, nous irons, eux and me  
Ce Monsieur F, and Monsieur B.  
Nous irons tous, nous tree,  
Avec l'autre Monsieur B.,  
All to Kingston for to see  
Vot ve sell see  
Dieu merci!  
Nous quatres grands Commissaires.

Nous irons, et moi, je vais  
For de sake of de good pay  
Vich is eight dollar a day,  
Eight dollar! c'est vrai  
Eight for me and Monsieur B  
And Monsieur F. aussi  
Car Nous sommes, je suis  
Des quatres grands Commissaires

I wonder vary much vot  
Make dem choose Amiot  
Such good luck, oh mine Got'  
Mine head go trot-a-trot  
I hop like de young flea  
Moi et Monsieur B  
And Monsieur F aussi  
Caf nous sommes, je suis  
Oui, oui, c'est vrm, oui, oui,  
Des quatres grands Commissaires.

Il sort faisant des grandes pirouettes!

Court Circular.—Punch is authorised to contradict the rumor that several members of the Administration left Monklands on the night of the Musical Soirée in a state of intoxication. For this scandalous and malicious report, there is not the slightest foundation—Nor has the Butler who violated the sanctity of a bottle of beer been dismissed.

HE WAS THE AUTHOR  
OF  
INNUMERABLE BILLS,  
AND A  
HISTORY OF CANADA.

The former died with him,  
The latter may still be found at the Trunk-makers.

HIS WORTH  
Was estimated by himself,  
AT  
TWENTY SHILLINGS A DAY,  
To record which fact,  
His suffering countrymen have raised this stone.

Stranger pause: beneath this crust  
See Christie turned to mould and dust  
His speeches done, his motions past  
Outvoted by old death at last:  
Pray Heaven, with nil a Christian's love  
He'll get his twenty bob a day above.

## SUMMARY FOR THE MAIL.



Parliament is still sitting.